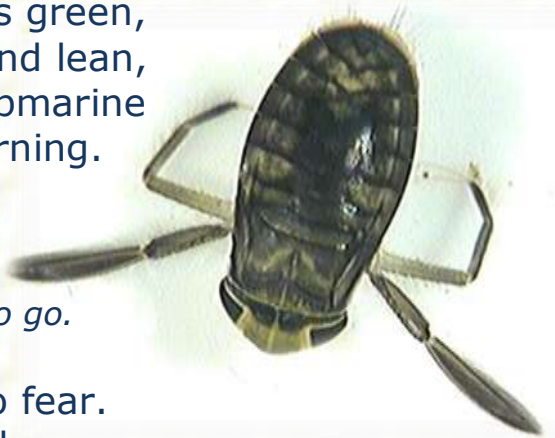




Song of the Water Boatman

Down through the jolly waters green,
I stroke with legs both long and lean,
Like a streamlined class-A submarine
...on a sunny summer's morning.

*Yo, ho, ho,
The pond winds blow
And upside down is the way to go.*



Of plunging deep, I have no fear.
To breathe, I keep some bubbles near,
Trapped on my chest in a silver sphere
...on a sunny summer's morning.

*Yo, ho, ho,
The pond winds blow;
Beneath my wings, the air I stow.*



I like to eat the dark green goo
That floats about like a veggie stew,
Mixed for a water boatman true
...on a sunny summer's morning.

*Yo, ho, ho,
The pond winds blow;
I hang up top, by the surface glow.*

I guess by now it's clear to see
The boatman's life is the life for me;
Among the weeds I'll always be
...on a sunny summer's morning.

*Yo, ho, ho,
The pond winds blow;
The backswimmer's life is the life I know!*